That robs and murders ſilly paſſengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.
Suff. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon heere,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
King. Good vnckle obey to his arreſt,
I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Hum. Ah gracious *Henry*, theſe dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King *Henries* ſake.
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fiery eyes ſhewes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious Lady and ſoueraigne Miſtreſſe,
Cauſleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes enough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suff. Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignominious wrong,
Had ſuborn'd or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Hum. Far truer ſpoke then meant, I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
Buck. Heele wreſt the ſence, and keepe vs here al day
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent away.
Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

And

And ſee him garded ſure wit
Hum. Oh, thus King *Henr*
Before his legs can beare his
And puts his watchfull ſhepl
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring
Farwell my ſoueraigne, long
Thy fathers happy daies, free
Exit Humfrey wit
King. My Lords, what to yo
Do and vndo as if our ſelfe
Qu. What, wil your high
King. I *Margaret*, My hea
Wheere I may ſtand ſigh in
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter
Exit King, Salu
Qu. Then ſit we downe aga
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke a
Let vs conſult of proud Duk
In mine opinion it were goo
For ſafety of our King and C
Suf. And ſo thinke I Mad
If our King *Henry* had ſhoo
Duke Humfrey then would
And it may be by poli. cie he
To bring to paſſe the thing
The Foxe barkes not when
But if we take him ere he do
We ſhould not queſtion if t
Yorke No, let him die, in
Leaſt that in liuing he offen
Car. Then let him die befo
For feare that they do riſe in
Yorke. Then do it ſodainly
Suff. Let that be my Lord
Car. Agreed, for hee's alre
Enter a M
Qu. How now ſirha, wh